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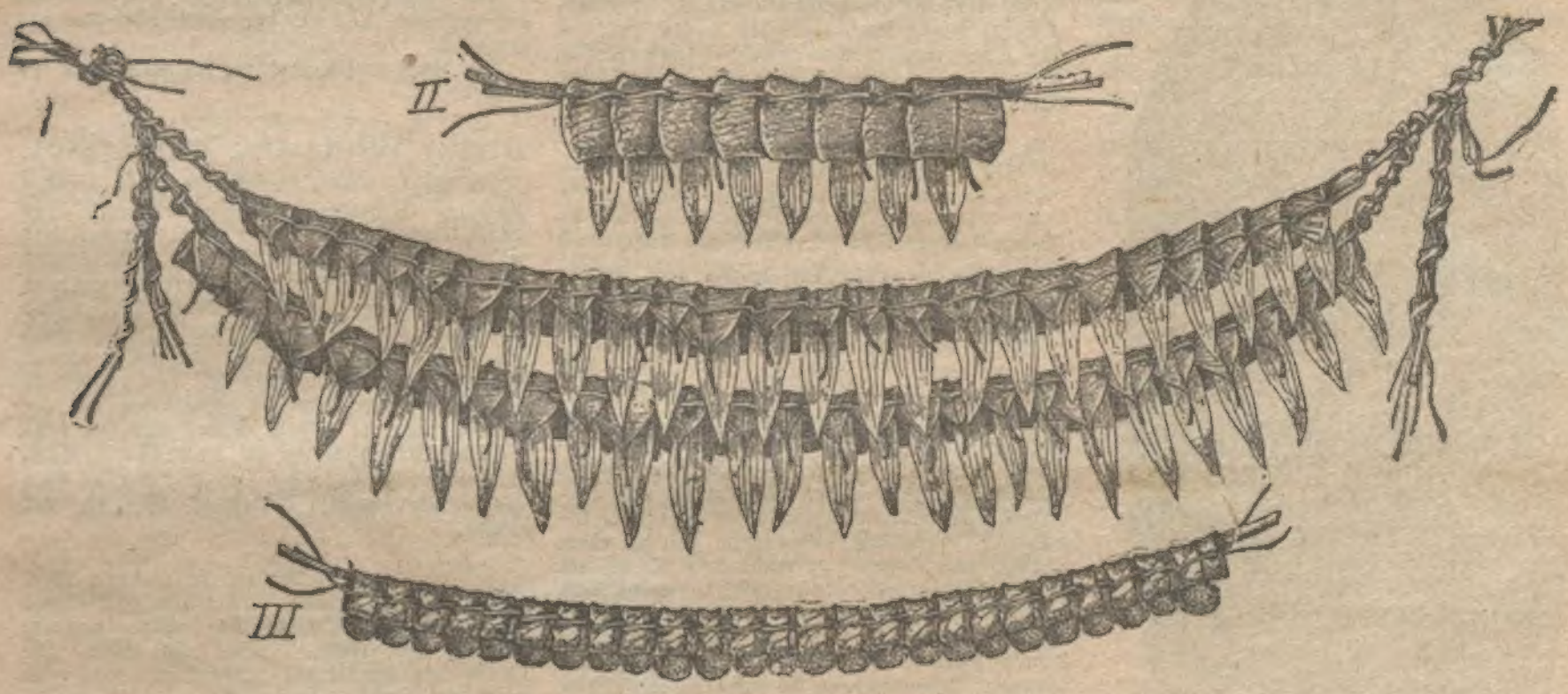

FIG. I.—GARLAND FROM THE MUMMY OF RAMESES II., MADE OF MIMOSA LEAVES AND THE FLOWER-PETALS OF THE BLUE LOTUS.—FIG II.—(ONE-HALF NATURAL SIZE). FIG. III.—GARLAND FROM THE MUMMY OF AMENHOTEL I. WOVEN OF WILLOW LEAVES AND NILE WATER FLOWERS.

Egyptian Mummy Flowers.

The reverence for the dead and sympathy with the living which show themselves in our modern time, by offerings of flowers, have an older origin than some of us may imagine.

Many centuries before the Christian era, in old Egypt, where traces of wonderful civilization, skill, art, and knowledge are continually coming to light, we find also the beautiful custom of associating flowers with those whom death had called away.

But these ancients were not content, as we are, that the blooms and foliage they brought in honor of their dead should decay into dust, and be as though they had never been. The same feeling that made them go through a tedious and expensive process to embalm their dead of rank and station, induced them also to contrive a way so as to prepare the flowers and foliage that they would last through the centuries, even as the bodies which they adorned.

But flowers were not the only things that the ancient Egyptians dedicated to the grave. Many fruits were buried too: dates, figs, pomegranates, grapes, pine-cones, and the products of various palms. Remains of other sorts of food have been found also—barley bread, and certain kinds of beans and lentils, as well as a species of farinaceous paste.

All these things were enclosed in dishes, basins, or baskets, and were carefully packed with what we should now call antiseptics—consisting of coloring matters or dyes, resin, balms, and apothecaries' drugs.

And in company with these, there were often to be found specimens of the arts and the handicrafts of the age, such as materials and implements for weaving and for knitting, sculptured figures, carved wooden ornaments of symbolic design, musical instruments, gems of ancient pottery ware, and old weapons.

But an especial interest attaches, as we have seen, to the simple offerings of flowers and foliage, with which we like to think loving hands, all those thousands of years ago, adorned the bodies of their beloved dead, even as ours do to this day.

And, however strange it may seem that other things, still in a good state of preservation, should be found in the mummy cases, surely the finding of flowers, that even yet can be recognized and called by their names, is far stranger still.

In the making of the garlands, the thicker kinds of leaves are used, or perhaps, rather those of the toughest texture, and plastic enough while fresh not to break when bent and woven. Those of the Egyptian willow, mimosa, and water-melon, were favorites, and the weaving was a long and intricate process, the leaves being arranged not singly or in sprays, as in our wreaths, but several together, those of the same size being fitted to lie neatly packed in little bundles. These little bundles, firmly bound together with long narrow strips of the date palm leaf, or vegetable fibre, formed the foundation of the garland, and into this, at regular intervals, were woven some whole flowers, such as the smaller lotus, the cornflower, and the convolvulus—or the petals of larger ones. Graceful pendant leaves, or portions of leaves, were sometimes mingled with the flowers, and of this kind of wreath we have a beautiful illustration in Fig. I.

Long festoons of this wreathing covered the upper portion of the mummy, swathing, and almost hiding, the narrow frame-work enclosing the embalmed remains; while single lotus blooms were stuck here and there into that portion of the frame that surrounded the limbs, as in Fig. IV., which shows us the mummy, with all its floral decorations complete.

The old Egyptians evidently thought that the real flowers were only to be used for personages of the highest rank, notably those of the blood-royal. For it is said that, up to the present time, these garlands have only been found in the tombs of those accounted the greatest in the land. The lotus flowers especially, and the leaves used for the wreathing, appear to have been, with this ancient people, regarded, when associated with funeral rites, as symbols of greatness.

On the cases or coffins of people of the middle classes, paintings of flowers have sometimes been found, still retaining form and color; but the real natural blooms were apparently not destined for such as these, and had no place among the honors paid to their memory.

The way in which the dried and shrivelled leaves and blossoms are expanded, so as to show their form and species, is by dropping them into water. As they soak they soften, and take their original shape, so that the botanist can classify them.

It seems wonderful indeed, when we consider what destruction to such frail things as dried leaves and flowers must be caused by the moving of the mummy cases, and their transportation to our continent, that any portion of them remains sufficiently whole to be identified. But quite as marvellous as this is the fact that several kinds of flowers and leaves actually retain something of their original color. This is especially noticeable in blossoms of a reddish purple, and in those of the oriental cornflower. The green of the water-melon leaf is said also to keep a measure of its rich hue. Specimens of these in-

teresting floral decorations may be seen in the British Museum, and in the Museum at Kew Gardens.

Some of the flowers discovered in the mummy cases are no longer to be found growing

FIG. IV.—MUMMY WITH FLORAL DECORATIONS RESTORED AS THEY WERE ORIGINALLY.

in Egypt. A few of these are occasionally seen in other places, while others seem to have become extinct. A Western civilization has now changed the face of the land, as well as peopled the old country with many new faces and fresh races.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Misguided Zeal.

Charity requires to be tempered with discretion. This was exemplified by an incident told me the other day by a friend of an acquaintance of hers who goes in ardently for philanthropic work. This lady, when district visiting, was rather vexed to feel she had no sick poor to attend to, and was really quite delighted to discover an apparently bed-ridden man whom she went to see daily, carrying fruit and delicacies to him, and reading to him for an hour or two at a time. The man seemed grateful for her kindness, and she went on, without losing zeal, for some weeks, till one day a neighbor let the cat out of the bag. The supposed bedridden invalid was a perfectly hale and healthy 'night-watchman'!

Polycarp — The Martyr of Smyrna.

(Carrie Joanna Blood, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Polycarp lived in the latter part of the first century, being contemporaneous with the apostles. He was instructed in the doctrine of Christianity by St. John and by him appointed bishop of Smyrna. In a most remarkable manner his saintly character exemplified the teachings of the Saviour and untiring zeal led him out into regions beyond. Eusebius relates his martydom which exhibits Polycarp's marvellous faith and fortitude. He was calmly sleeping when his inquisitors found him. He arose, greeted them kindly, and ordered refreshments to be set before them and asked them to grant him one hour for prayer. The soldiers were so impressed by his venerable appearance and kindly spirit that they could not refuse his request. When he was led into the city many of the pagans who had long known Polycarp and who appreciated the nobleness of his character, entreated him to simply say, 'Lord Caesar,' offer sacrifice to the idols and be saved.' He meekly replied: 'I cannot follow your advice.' Polycarp was then brought before the pro-consul, who wanted to spare his life. He said to Polycarp, 'If you will only swear by Caesar and reproach Christ, I will immediately release you.'

Polycarp replied: 'Eighty and six years I have served Christ and he hath never wronged me. How can I now blaspheme my King who hath saved me? I am a Christian. If you desire to learn the Christian doctrine, assign me a day and I will declare it unto you.'

The pro-consul said: 'I have the beasts and will expose you to them if you do not yield.'

Polycarp replied, 'Let them come. I cannot change from good to bad; but it is well to pass from these sufferings to the realms of justice.'

'If you have no fear of the beasts I will bind you to the stake and consume you with fire unless you yield.'

'You threaten me,' said Polycarp, 'with fire which burns for a time, and is soon extinguished; but you are ignorant of the future judgment, and of the fire eternal which is reserved for the impious.'

While the funeral-pile was being reared he turned with smiles to the few friends who had gathered about him and gave them his benediction. When they were preparing to fasten him to the stake, he said: 'Leave me as I am. He who gives me fortitude to endure the fire will enable me to remain in the midst of the flames without being bound.' Then raising his eyes to heaven he breathed aloud the following prayer:

'Lord God all powerful, Father of Jesus Christ, thy blessed and well beloved Son, through whom we have received grace to know thee, I thank thee that thou hast led me to this day and to this hour, in which I am to take part in the number of martyrs. May I this day be admitted into thy presence with them as an acceptable sacrifice, in accordance with that thou hast prepared, predicted and fulfilled. Therefore I praise thee for all these things. I bless thee, I glorify thee, through the eternal and celestial High Priest, Jesus Christ, thy dear Son; to whom be rendered glory, with thee and the Holy Spirit, now and through all ages. Amen.'

The church in Smyrna wrote an account of the martyrdom of Polycarp, which is still extant and attests the following event which was witnessed at his death: 'When Polycarp had finished his prayer, the officers lighted the fire, and a great flame bursting out, we to whom it was given to see, saw a great wonder; who also were reserved to relate to others that which had happened. For the flame forming the appearance of an arch, as the sail of a vessel filled with mind, was a wall round about the body of the martyr; and it was in the midst, not as burning flesh, but as gold and silver, refined in a furnace. At length the impious judges, observing that his body could not be consumed by fire, ordered the executioner to approach, and to plunge his sword into his body. Upon this a quantity gushed out, so that the fire was extinguished, and all the multitude was astonished.'

The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

Strike While the Iron is Hot.

Our Maple Leaf Campaign is going rapidly forward. Scholars are delighted with the small Union Jacks and provincial badges that we are giving as extras with the brooches and pins. Now is the time, while enthusiasm runs high, to secure a good school flag. The month's free trial subscription gives a good chance for all to appreciate the worth of our papers, two of them, anyway. The additional samples we will send on application will introduce them to 'World Wide,' and the subscription list needed to get a fine FLAG FREE, can be easily made up. Get to work at once and secure one by Dominion Day, if not sooner.

Nithburg, Ont., April 26.

John Dougall & Son,—Dear Sirs,—I received my pins and brooches in fine order, and am pleased with them. They all think the leaves are beautiful. Thanking you very much for them. Yours truly,

JOHN A. THOMPSON.

CANADIAN FLAGS FOR THE SCHOOLS.

OUR PREMIUM FLAGS.

It would be hard to find finer Canadian flags than those we have imported from our manufacturers, one of the largest flag firms in Britian.

The quality of the bunting, the richness of the colors, the good workmanship shown in their make-up—all call for the highest praise from everyone who has seen them. They are of uniform style and make, with canvas heading, rope and toggle, the larger sizes suitably strengthened at the corners, altogether a thoroughly first-class article.

The three yard and four yard flags are particularly attractive, the large sizes adding very much to the effect, as can be readily appreciated, when it is considered that the four yard flag is exactly four times as large as the two yard flag, the width of the flag being always half the length. Besides its effectiveness for outdoor use, the four yard flag is specially fine for interior decoration.

The question on every hand is, 'How can you give away these splendid flags as premiums?' The only answer is that this is no mere money making scheme. Our Diamond Jubilee offer of flags is made to encourage the expression of an ever growing patriotism in the schools of the country, and as one of the ways in which we mark our sixtieth year as publishers. It is made that there need be no school in the length and breadth of the Dominion without a Canadian flag, the emblem which goes so far towards promoting a strong and national sentiment, fostering loyalty and devotion to our King, our Empire and our own fair Dominion of Canada.

These flags were planned first and foremost for the schools, but realizing there was a recognized need for them also in Sunday-schools, clubs, lodges and societies, we have left our offer open to these, even to individuals, all on the same terms.

See our flag advertisement on another page.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

A Friend, $2.00; Elmer Rose, Muir, Ont., 5 cents; E. A. G., $5.00; E. W. Hammond, Fairbury Nebraska, 50 cents; total, $7.55.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

'I think the chief raw material of riots is to be found in intemperance,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'From drinking comes destitution: from destitution, anger, envy, revenge. Drink destroys the money that should purchase breadstuffs or manufactured articles. Trade is slack, mills close, the operatives are out of work, or on reduced wages; they have thus little money to put into the stream of commerce; the retail dealers make less demands on the wholesale; the wholesale men send few orders to the mills; the factories press more heavily on the hands. Then come riots, strikes, revenges on property owners, by men who, but for drink, might very likely have been property owners themselves. Mobs are not made up of men who have anything to lose. The man who owns his house, and comfortable furniture therein, is not likely to imperil this possession by inciting a mob, with its ensuing fire and plunder. But, at the same time, the rich aggravate all the evil by making, using, selling, protecting strong drink. Intemperance has among us two strong protectors, the wealthy and the impoverished. These demand and protect the liquor-traffic, and between them the great middle class, which as a rule supports the temperance cause, is crushed and opposed, and pressed, as between upper and nether millstones.'

'Well, I hadn't looked at it just that way before,' said the cobbler, handing Rodney his mended shoe.

'You'd better look at it that way from this out, brother,' said Rasmus, 'and instid of complainin' of bad times, just turn your attention to quarrelin' with what makes the bad times.'

'I don't see what I can do about it,' said the cobbler, 'I am not a person of influence.'

'You've got a tongue in your head, and it seems you don't mind wagging it. Wag it right. It's as easy to be right as wrong, and more convenient. Got any kids?'

'A couple,' said the cobbler.

'Well, there's influence for you; bring 'em up right. What makes so many men crooked to-day is that so many boys was 'lowed to be crooked yesterday.'

'Don't you think,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'that you could do much to arouse temperance opinion if you studied the matter honestly, and talked of it heartily to those who came into your shop? We all have influence, and the more we exert ourselves to make good use of it, the more it grows.'

'Still, one man alone is such a small affair.'

'So is a blade of grass. But it is the growth of individual blades that covers the field and feeds the cattle. Besides, my good friend, when you go up to judgment, God will not ask you for the work of eight or ten lives, but for your own single work, in your own special place. He will not ask you for the work laid out for the judge's bench, or for the banker's office, or the governor's chair, but for the work to be done in a cobbler's shop to the sound of driving pegs and pulling waxed ends; and believe me, He will be just as insistent on having a full, clean account of that work given, as He is about the most important work on earth.'

The cobbler handed Mr. Llewellyn his shoe, with a new heel. 'I don't know as I ought to charge anything for my work, when I've had such an amount of useful conversation,' he said.

'It would be a poor commentary on our principles and theories if we did not honestly pay our way,' said Mr. Llewellyn, handing him the money due.

'And, brother,' said Rasmus, picking himself up from the doorway, 'don't say you've no influence, nor nothing to do, so long as there's a raft of boys lying round to be talked to. I was a boy, allowed to come up, hit or miss, myself, and I know how back luck it is.'

'What shall I teach my boys?' said the cobbler, earnestly.

'The Alphabet and the Ten Commandments,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

'And work,' said Rasmus. 'It's lying round loose, does it. Teach 'em work, savin' up, earnin' something of their own, and knowin' how to take care of it. Land! having nothin' to do, and doing of it industrious, has nigh been the ruination of me.'

'I never saw such a party in my life,' said the cobbler, looking after the three as they went up the street. 'Proper pretty boy, looks like a gentleman; little old man with spectacles, looks like a learned scollard of some kind, with his tin boxes and bug nets; but the big fellow, with the roaring voice and the merry eye, beats my time! Looks like a tramp made over into a boss of some kind, and I don't believe that's possible.'

Rasmus was certainly getting made over; but into what, was not yet apparent.

It was on a Saturday evening that they reached the goal of their hopes. Although weary with the warm day and the journey, they hurried at once to the post office. There was a letter for Rodney from the dead-letter office, enclosing the one written by him to his uncle. Across the envelope was written, 'No person of this name known in this neighborhood.'

'There, Rod!' cried Rasmus, dropping promptly to the depths of despair, as suited his versatile disposition. 'I knowed your uncle was dead! I told you so all along.'

'This does not prove it,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'It merely shows that for some years he has not done business in that neighborhood. He may have retired from business, or gone to some other part of the city. That remains to be proved. Our search will be more difficult, that is all.'

'But where is my letter?' demanded Rasmus.

'There is no answer to the advertisement, so far.'

'Then there will never be any! It is weeks now!'

'But we will try another, and we will try in more than one paper. All hope is not lost yet.'

'Yes, it is; we're done for, Rod and me; but I'll stick to Rod, since I haven't anything else to do.'

'Here's a letter advertised for you on the bulletin,' said Rodney, who was solacing himself by looking about the office. And he pointed out, 'Mr. Rasmus, Allentown.'

Rasmus promptly secured his letter. 'Is it from Robin?' he demanded, scrutinizing the envelope.

'No, from Sally. I can tell by the post-mark,' said Rod.

But a letter even from the lovely Sally could not compensate Rasmus for the failing of his long-cherished hope, about the little lost lad. Mr. Llewellyn took his companions to a small inn on the edge of the town, where he meant to pass the Sabbath, and then Rasmus and Rodney, perching themselves on an adjacent fence, opened the letter of Miss Sally:

'Dear Mr. Rasmus.

'I never had so short a letter as the one from you. It seems that it is not short for want of something to say, but you save up your news for another time. I had a beautiful letter from Rodney. He told me you were making more splendid speeches on temperance. I am proud to know a great orator; you will beat Mr. Gough. I send my love to Mr. Llewellyn, and my best wishes to Rodney, and my regards to any other of my friends that cares for them.

'SALLY CREW.

'P.S.—Mother and all are well. George wrote a most beautiful composition on Spring. I wish you had a slice of my last cake, it is elegant.'

'Isn't that an awful nice letter?' said Rasmus.

On the Tuesday morning after this they entered New Jersey, and directed their steps across that little State toward Jersey City. Mr. Llewellyn had received word of a convention of botanists, whom he wished to meet, and proposed that Rasmus and Rodney should complete the journey to New York without him, and he would follow in a few days. He gave Rasmus the address of a safe little lodging-house, where they could stay until he came, or until the uncle was found.

'You must get this year's Directory,' he said, 'and look for the name of Mr. Peter Waldon. If you do not find such a person, go to the police-station nearest his former address, and ask if they can give you any information about him. And get the old Directories from the date of the letter down, and trace him by them. If all fails we will try something else when I come.'

A week later Rasmus and Rodney were poring over a Directory in a drug-store. Rodney had never seen such a book before, and while he understood the list of proper names, he did not understand the abbreviations that followed them. 'Andrew Waldon—no; Albert Walton, Arthur Waldon—what a lot of names. Waldon, J. Benjamin, undertaker—no.'

'Follow the initials down to the letter you want,' suggested the druggist, 'they stand in order.'

CHAPTER XVI.

Robin! Robin!

'There's some ill planet reigns,
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.'

'Now I've got it!' cried Rodney. 'Peter Waldon. What does "W. 15th St." mean?'

'That means West Fifteenth Street. Go to that number on 15th Street, and you'll find your man. Keep up this street to 15th, then turn that way, d'ye see? and go on till you find that number. It will be on the left hand.'

Away went Rasmus and Rodney, feeling that all was right. To talk in the confuion was impossible; they just hurried on.

'I say, Rod!' cried Rasmus, as they reached the desired number, 'this ain't no sort of a place for your uncle to be!'

Indeed, the name Peter Waldon graced the door of what Rasmus denominated 'a crack saloon.' But Rodney was dazed and almost overwhelmed by the excitement of his ended quest, and the uproar of the first great city he had ever traversed. He blundered up the steps, and into the resplendent den, and Rasmus stoutly followed at his shoulder, until the two stood in the centre of the place, looking about in an amazed manner.

'Come now, my lads, what shall I serve you? What do you want?' cried the stout, red-faced owner of the establishment, when he saw the new-comers standing as if petrified.

'We don't want nothing,' said the stout Rasmus.

'What did you come in for then?' asked the saloon-keeper.

'We wanted to see Peter Waldon.'

'Well, here I am; what's wanted with me?'

'Nothin'. You ain't the kind of man we looked for.'

'You'd better explain yourself, or get out.'

'We'll do both,' said Rasmus the ready. 'This boy was a-lookin' for his uncle, Peter Waldon, to 'dopt him, and do the fair thing by him, that's all.'

'Oh, get out. I haven't any nephew; I'm no uncle.'

'You're no uncle for us, that's a sure pop,' said Rasmus. 'I ain't brought down to giving him over to a saloon-keeper. He's a boy as can make his way. He's a handsomer boy than any in New York; and he's book-learned, and he's smart, and he's got a voice that every concert hall in the city'd be fighting for if they heard him sing; and he's a boy can make his fortune, and we don't need uncles.'

Rasmus' inveterate habit of boasting of Rodney having thus got the better of him, had turned all attention to the beautiful and embarrassed boy, and a change passed over the spirit of the saloon-keeper's dreams. He spoke up:

'You needn't be in such a hurry before a man can get his ideas together. So I have a nephew, and if this is the boy, why, I make him welcome, and do an uncle's part by him. Shake hands, my lad.'

But Rodney, silent, red and pale by turns,

kept his hand by his side, and looked about in gathering dismay.

'Oh, you needn't change your mind,' said Rasmus. 'I'll take him away; this ain't no place for him.'

'It is a very good place,' retorted the man of bottles, taking something of the measure of Rasmus, and perceiving he was no in to the pretty lad. 'It shall never be said I turned my flesh and blood on the street; and as soon as he got in trouble, I'd be responsible. You're welcome, my boy. I've always wanted a son, and haven't any. So take your duds up-stairs, and I'll do well by you and make a man of you in the business.'

'That's not what he's come for!' cried Rasmus. 'He don't aim to go into business, and especially not this business. He expected you'd send him to college for a matter of five or six years.'

'Hang college! I never set up for learned myself,' said the saloon-keeper, who was aiding his two assistants in compounding juleps and Tom-and-Jerry. 'I'll teach him to mix first-class drinks, and that's education enough for him.'

'Then I sha'n't leave him,' said Rasmus, violently.

'And who are you to meddle, I wish to know?'

'I'm his gardeen, and I mean to do my jooty right up to the handle. Didn't I pick him up out of the Ohio River, floatin' round like a drownded rat, and didn't I bring him clear to New York? I'm his gardeen, and I don't allow him round no liquor-shops. Come, Rod.'

'I've only your word for it that he's my nephew; but as such I take him, and here he stays. I won't have him idle round the streets with such as you. You leave him.'

'Not much. Mr. Llewellyn would be down on me if I left Rod, a temperance teetotaler, in a saloon.'

'Who's Mr. Llewellyn?'

'He's his other gardeen; a book-learned man he is, and stopped over in Jersey to a meetin'; but he'll be here in two days, and he would raise trouble if I'd done wrong by Rod.'

'The boy seems well provided with guardians,' laughed one of the numerous customers, who had been listening to the discussion with great interest.

'You bet he has gardeens,' said Rasmus, perceiving that he had fallen upon a potent word, and resolved to handle it vigorously; 'and Mr. H——, the publisher, is his gardeen, too. I'm a gardeen of muscle, and I'll lay any man flat who interferes,' and Rasmus struck out his brawny arm with an egregious pride in its construction and capabilities. 'Mr. Llewellyn is a gardeen with brains; he has the headpiece; 'tends to haby corpys and post mortuums and Alfer Davits, and that kind; and Mr. H——, he is the gardeen with money in his pocket, and he'll back us to look out for the boy. Wake up, Rod, and come along, or I'll have to thrash you or somebody; I'm risin'.'

'Better let them go, Waldon. You know you said he was no nephew of yours to begin with,' said a customer.

'But I've thought better of it.'

'Or worse. If the boy don't choose to stay, and there are three or four to make a fuss if you insisted, better drop it. A boy of that age that didn't choose to help you might be very balky.'

'I could break the rascal's neck,' said Waldon, sulkily.

'You'd break mine first, I think,' interposed Rasmus.

'And neck-breaking is apt to be interfered with by process of law,' said the customer, laughing.

Rodney roused himself.

'If you are my uncle,' he said to Waldon, 'it makes no difference. I won't stay; we should never get on well. I had no right to ask anything, and now—I don't want anything. I couldn't stay where liquor was sold, for I think it is wicked.'

Then with one of those bows full of natural grace which always won hearts for him, Rodney turned from the saloon, and Rasmus, looking twice as big as usual, ostentatiously covered his retreat. They went a few paces in silence, when a voice cried: 'Ho, there! Stop a moment.'

They turned, and saw the most gentlemanly of the Waldon customers, the one who had interfered most in the discussion.

'How did you come to think he was your uncle?' asked the gentleman, overtaking them.

'From the name,' said Rodney. 'I looked him up in the Directory. I lived in Ohio, but all my friends there are dead, and my house was swept away in the April flood, and I had a letter signed by Peter Waldon, my uncle, who seemed to be a good man, and well-off, and I came here to look him up. I thought he might take care of me; but I can help myself. From the letter, I thought he was lonesome, and all his folks were dead. He was not my uncle, but my mother's.'

'Oh, an elderly man, then?'

'I suppose so.'

'Not this man at all. This man is only about forty, and he has a wife and several daughters. If you only went by the Directory there may be other Peter Waldons, it is not such an unusual name.'

Rodney had searched out his note-book, and now proffered the letter. The stranger read it.

'Never written by thio Peter Waldon,' he said. 'Let us try the Directory again. Step in this stationer's store. Here, now, let us look over the list. Here are Peter M. and Peter G., but your man signs no middle letter. Here, now, I guess we have him; plain Peter Waldon, broker. I would not be surprised if that was right, and I'll write the address on this card.'

'We'll go there right off,' said Rasmus.

'It will do no good. It is nearly five. I see his house is way out of the city—up the river. He will be gone from his office by now. Your plan will be to go there in the morning by half-past ten; by that time he will be in from his house, and not started into Wall Street. Try him in the morning.'

They went back to the sidewalk.

'I hope you'll have better luck next time,' said the stranger.

'If it's another liquor place, I won't go in,' said Rodney.

'No? Suppose you found a rich uncle ready to make you his heir and send you to college and all that—only a liquor-dealer—you wouldn't object?'

'Yes, I would,' said Rodney, earnestly. 'I don't want anything to do with it. I don't believe any good would come of money that was made in such a way.'

'God lots of sand in him,' said Rasmus, anxious to explain lucidly to the stranger the phenomenon—'Rodney.'

'I wish I had as much,' said the stranger, with a laugh and a sigh. 'I fancy my mother would be glad of it.'

'A mother, says you, brother!' cried Rasmus. 'A mother! an' you a-hangin' round a saloon? That beats my time. I had a mother—she's dead, poor soul! Died of misery and trouble 'casioned by drinking—but not by hers or mine, I do assure you. Do you s'pose, brother, if she was 'live now I'd leave her sittin' alone aggrawatin' herself 'cause I was in bad company?'

'I wish she had a better son in me, I'm sure.

'Why not, then? Where's your sand? What are you made of? What's to hinder your going home to her, to make her heart glad, and makin' it gladder an' gladder every day you live? I tell you, brother, if you'd had life like as I have—no mother, only a poor, worn-out dead one, in a potter's field—no home, no friends, nobody to care a rap for you, you'd know what a chance you've got, with your mother sittin' at home, ready to welcome you!

'Good-bye to you both, and good luck,' said the gentleman, shaking them heartily by the hand. 'I'll tell my mother all about you, and she may see cause to be glad of the day you picked out the wrong uncle.'

Rasmus and Rodney returned to their lodging-house for supper, and in the evening Rasmus took Rodney out, and showed him some of the glories of the city,—splendid buildings, wide avenues, electric lights, store windows blazing with jewellery, flowers, confectionery in a hundred seductive forms, pictures, book-stores, stores full of all manner of fantastic elegances, of which Rodney did not even know the name or guess the use. The streets were crowded with well-dressed people, with carriages, cars, stages—all was bustle and lavish display.

'I didn't know the city was so splendid!' cried Rodney.

(To be continued.)

Read This Aloud.

Betty Botter bought some butter;
'But,' she said, 'this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better,'
So she bought a bit of butter,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

Before the Days of Black Beauty.

(By Mrs. E. B. Gittings, in the New York 'Observer.')

Among the characters of my native town which are indelibly impressed upon my memory is that of a tailoress, familiarly known to the townspeople as 'Old Maid Pierce.' My acquaintance with her dates back to that hazy, fragmentary period known as 'Earliest recollections.' In company with some half-dozen cats she lived in a cheerless room in a half-finished building known as the 'Old Castle.' There were traditions about the old building, which have receded into the realm of the 'scarce remembered.' Stories of how this structure, evidently designed for an imposing residence, came to be left in its incomplete state to crumble into decay. And these traditions, whatever they were, invested the place with the same sort of uncanniness which might attach to a 'haunted' house. I can almost feel again the fierce beating of my heart as my childish feet ascended the shaky outside stairway which led to 'old Maid Pierce's' room. For I was often sent thither with portions of Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners, and generous samples of baking-day products.

Twice a year this lonely woman became a temporary member of our household and overhauled the wardrobes of father and brothers—mending, cleaning and 'making over' for the small boys. I can see her now as she sat shivering by the nursery fire with her coarse, well-worn shoes upon the fender. She seemed always to be cold and the hand that held her needle always trembled. The faded purple ribbons on her rusty black lace cap trembled also, and her small grey eyes—restless as the cap ribbons—roved incessantly from one object in the room to another and back again to her work. Her skin was dark and wrinkled and upon it the freckles of her youth seemed to have persisted as desiccated scales. Her thin reddish yellow hair was streaked with grey, and while she was probably at this time not over fifty years old she seemed to me a centenarian.

She was devotedly attached to my mother, and when the noon hour of rest came she would follow her about the house and read to her from some religious periodical of the day. Her high-pitched quavering voice and monotonous inflection, together with a halting and imperfect pronunciation must have been unbearable to anyone less patient than my mother.

Her sole recreation, aside from the reading of religious papers, was attendance upon religious meetings. She and a white-haired old negro woman were conspicuous figures on the 'free seat' directly in front of the pulpit of the old First Church. Prayer meetings of all kinds were sure of her presence. Perhaps the proudest day of her life was when some students, partly in jest and partly in return for favors received, bought her a ticket to a neighboring city where the 'association' of churches was in session. No regularly elected delegate could have taken more genuine interest in the proceedings of the august body, and certainly no one present cherished the memory of the meetings with greater reverence and constancy.

Little seemed to be known of her early history. If she had living relatives she never spoke of them. Most people thought her not quite sound in mind; yet in many ways she was exceedingly shrewd. I remember how she got even with a smart young clerk who thought to play upon her credulity. It was in the days of paper collars, and she had solicited washing and mending of the clerks in a certain store. This facetious youth gave

her a soiled paper collar and offered her fifteen cents to do it up for him. She took it home, and by careful sponging so thoroughly renovated it that he was forced to pay the promised sum and look elsewhere for the next victim of his excessive humor.

The time came when the 'Old Castle' was torn down to make way for a more reputable building and the lonely spinster removed to cheap lodgings over a livery stable. Here was enacted the homely tragedy, which silenced the ridicule of the thoughtless and crowned her last days with dignity and honor.

One morning, having failed to keep an appointment, she was sought out by her employer, who knowing her lonely situation, feared she might be ill and in need of help. She was found lying on her bed unable to move and moaning about a 'misery in the back.' Her simple story was as follows:

'It was along of them 'bus horses, poor critters. Where I set by my window to sew I can look down on them driving into the stable across the sidewalk. There's been a loose plank in the crossing for over a week—set upon edge like so as to make terrible hard pulling to get them heavy 'busses over it. Well I set and see them whip the poor horses to make them pull it until it seemed every lash went right acrost my own back, and I couldn't stand it no longer.

'So one day I raised my window and called to the driver and asked him why he didn't put that plank in place instead of beating the poor horses. But he just laughed and swore at me, and told me to tend to my cats and mending, and he'd run his business to suit himself. Last night when I come home from work they were just running in a 'bus, and the horses were all reeking with sweat from hard driving. I stood by waiting for them to get acrost, and it seemed like every time the whip struck them they looked at me so appealing like that it went right to my foolish old heart.

'So after dark I slipped down stairs to see if I couldn't mebbe fix the plank myself. It was heavier than I thought, and after the first trial I was afraid I'd have to give it up, for it wouldn't budge an inch. But then as I was turning away I seemed to see those poor horses looking so beseeching out of their patient eyes that I was bound to give it one more trial. So I knelt down and prayed. 'Oh, dear Lord, please give me strength to lift it,' and—well then, I gave one des-prit tug and it slipped right into its place—but I felt something give way like in my back and found I couldn't stand up on my feet.

'I prayed again and managed to hitch along someway and crawl up the stairs and into bed. I thought I would be better by morning, but the pain kept up steady all night and here I be. Yes, the pain's pretty severe and I'm faint like, for food and drink, but I knew the dear Lord would send me help by and by and here you be. But I've had one comfort all through the long hard night. Them poor horses won't never be whipped over that plank again.'

Everything possible was done for her comfort, and in a few weeks she was able to leave her bed, and hobble feebly about her room with a crutch, but her working days were over. The 'misery in the back' never left her. The church to which she had been so faithful provided for her comfort while she lived, and at death paid a tribute to her memory of which wiser and wealthier members might have been proud. I should add also that when the story became known to the owners of the stable, they dismissed the brutal driver and made Miss Pierce a present of a generous sum of money.

So passed from among us a simple minded, lonely woman, who before the days of Humane Societies, gave her life for the dumb animals which she loved.

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Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

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A Queer Pet.

The wife of the governor of North Borneo has a pet which few women will envy her. The governor's house is near a jungle, and from it strayed a baby rhinoceros. Captured as a curiosity, he at once became tame and refused to return to his native wilds. He consumes sixteen quarts of milk a day, and on this diet thrives and grows fat. He might be mistaken for a queer sort of hog were it not for the horn in the middle of his face. He is devoted to his mistress, and follows her about like a dog.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Tiny's Exploit.

The author of 'A Hermit's Wild Friends' relates how a little red squirrel succeeded in getting at some seeds that were hidden from him in different places.

'At last I stretched a cord between two trees, and halfway suspended a box open at the top and full of tempting seeds. Tiny saw the birds eating from the box and made up his mind that he must have a share in the treat. He ran up one of the trees, and tried the limbs that hung over the box. He soon found a slender limb that would bend under his weight and let him into the box. After he had used this highway several days I cut the limb away. When Tiny found a fresh stub instead of a limb he understood what it meant, and chattered away angrily.

'His next move was to investigate the line where it was attached to the trees. When he found it he thought he could reach the box over the line, and started out. When about a foot from the box the line turned and Tiny jumped to the ground. He tried this three times, and met with failure. The fourth time when the line turned he clung to it and made his way to the box hand over hand. I thought he deserved a reward for his continued effort and intelligence, so, since then, I allow him to eat from the box whenever he feels like it.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

A Professor's Indorsement.

Before President Angell of the University of Michigan had attained to his present high position, says the 'Detroit Free Press,' a young hopeful entering college was recommended to his consideration.

'Try the boy out, professor; criticise him, and tell us both what you think,' the parents said.

To facilitate acquaintance the professor took the boy for a walk. After ten minutes' silence the youth ventured, 'Fine day, professor.'

'Yes,' with a far-away look.

Ten minutes more, and the young man, squirming all the time, ventured, 'This is a very pleasant walk, professor.'

For another ten minutes the matriculate boiled to his bones, and then blurted out that he thought they might have rain.

'Yes.' And this time the professor went on, 'Young man, we have been walking together for half an hour, and you have said nothing which was not commonplace and stupid.'

'True,' answered the boy, 'his wrath passing his modesty, 'and you indorsed every word I said.'

Then they laughingly shook hands, and word went home from the professor that the boy was all right, and that they were great friends.

The Eye of the Needle.

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the head. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience he was perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked, and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was four o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and by nine a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modelled. After that it was easy. That is a true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.—'League Journal.'

Things That Can't be Done.

They say the following things can't be done. Try them and see for yourselves:

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the wainscoting.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands—that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it—that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third finger on that hand despite its seeming so easy at first. Try it.

The Baby's Mistake.

A clergyman who has just returned from a tour in the North of Ireland narrates an amusing incident which occurred one day in a tramcar.

'My complexion, as you know,' he said, 'is not by any means white; some call it swarthy.'

One day in a Belfast tramcar a poor woman, with a baby in her arms sat opposite me. As soon as the child noticed me she pointed a chubby finger in my direction, and called out, 'Daddy, daddy!'

The poor mother, thinking to relieve my embarrassment, looked across to me, and with a smile, said.

'Please excuse her, sir; shure she don't know any better. My husband's a sweep, and when she sees a black-lookin' man like him she always thinks he's her daddy.'—'League Journal.'

Monkey That Wears Glasses.

In the zoological gardens at Breslau, Germany, there is a spider monkey which was operated upon for cataract, and now wears glasses. For more than a year after it was received at the zoo it was very healthy and lively; then it became very quiet, ceased to play, and crouched in a corner. It was examined and found to be suffering from cataract, so it was immediately taken to the eye hospital and operated upon. In less than a month it was fitted with a pair of spectacles which it wears with becoming gravity.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

How Carol Caught a Fish.

(By E. C. P., in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The Carter children were all going fishing. The older boys had heard men and boys in the village say that 'the law is off' and had listened to their plans for enticing the finny inhabitants of the pretty river to swallow their bait. The spirit was contagious, so that not only Ernest and Allen Carter, but Lucy and Carol felt that they, too, must hurry to the edge of the river and try their luck as fishermen. Mother Carter shuddered as she thought of the deep holes and swift currents in the little stream, but she bravely put her fears aside and said: 'Yes, if auntie will go with you I am willing.'

Then the preparations began. The boys had to go to school, but it was agreed that Carol could get most of the things ready so they could start as soon as school was out. Two pennies from one of Ernest's pockets were transferred to Carol's tiny hand with instructions to purchase hooks, which were 'two for a cent.' Then the old lines and poles were brought from the attic, where they had lain useless all winter, and everything was ready but the bait. While the boys were in school Carol worked earnestly in last year's garden with her little spade turning up one fat worm after another and transferring them in her dainty fingers to the old baking powder tin with a hole in the cover 'so's they can breathe.' The earthy creatures were too like snakes to please her, but she tried to be brave like her brothers. And so the box was filled, and when the boys came home and saw the tempting, squirming mass: 'My, Carol, they're fine,' said Allen, and so the little sister felt well paid. At last everything was ready and the little party stood on the bank where spring was beginning to show her work, with their rods and lines out over the water waiting eagerly for what might come. Ernest had been so kind and patient with the girls baiting hooks and finding good places. He and Allen, too, had tried to be gallant and put the fattest inhabitant of the can on the 'ladies' hooks.' They did not say much about the noise and chatter, although they knew how easily fish are frightened. But at last all was done and the happy party stood patiently waiting for a bite. One of the bobs began to dance, and auntie whispered: 'Carol, you have a bite.' The little maiden who had so bravely dug worms, conquered her dislike and won the approval of big boys, pulled up her line. Alas, there was a fish! Her courage failed at sight of the squirming, flapping thing, and brave Carol ran screaming up the bank, while her big brother drew in a fish at least a foot long. How they all laughed and how ashamed Carol was at first, but she soon forgot that when Jane brought the fish nicely cooked on the supper table. 'Every one must have a piece,' said Carol, so she cut it in ten pieces and then passed it around the table. No fish ever was more praised, so that, although the little fisherwoman even now sometimes laughs at the way she caught her first fish, she remembers, too, the pride and satisfaction she felt when she saw it on the end of her line and her great pleasure in serving at the supper table the tiny scraps of fish and bone.

MARKET·DAY·
If you went to market,
What would you buy?
A horse for to gallop,
Or a kite for to fly?
My dear little dolly
I'm taking to town,
For I want some old rainbows
To make her a gown.
If you went to market,
What would you buy?
The playthings are many,
But the prices are high.
All I am seeking,
My doll is so good,
Is a piece of the sunset
To make her a hood.
A cobweb of shadows,
Lined with blue smoke,
I think would be charming
For dolly's new cloak.
In my purse there is plenty—
Four farthings have I.
But if you went to market,
What would you buy?
—"Sunday Reading."

The Piggy Story.

Once upon a time there were three little girls, who lived in an old-fashioned house, with father and mother, brother and sister.

There was a large yard and a garden full of fruit-trees. In the summer they had many kinds of vegetables and berries. They had a large barn where were kept a horse, a cow, a mother pig, with four baby pigs.

In the barn the children loved to play. The little pigs would play like kittens, and each piggy had a name. The smallest one was named Ghosty, because he was white; he was the pet of all the boys and girls.

The next little pig was called Spotty, because he was covered with spots of black and white; this little pig was always sleepy.

The third piggy was named Dinah, because he was all black; but the children did not like him very well, because he was a lazy little fellow and always looked dirty. The smartest and largest one we called Toby. He had big spots of white, and little spots of black, and funny spots of black and white, all over him. He was a frisky little fellow, with always a curl in his tail; and how that little pig could run!

One day one of the boys took Toby under his arm, and all the other little pigs in a heap together, to bring them into the kitchen. He had given each pig a good bath with a brush. They looked so clean, he thought he would see how they would behave in the kitchen. He just got inside the kitchen door when out jumped Toby from under his arm, and such a time as they had to catch the little fellow! I think piggies do not like clean places, for they did not behave well in the house. One piggy hid under the stove and it took some time to get him out. Another ran around the room so fast, and he got all tired out, while little Ghosty looked on, and allowed everyone to pick him up. It was not long after this that these little pigs were grown so fat, the big boys could not lift them.

Our big cat did not like the pigs; she would curl up her back and spit at them. One day one of the little pigs got a good scratch from kitty, because I had him in my play-house with my doll.

This is all a true story.—By A. S. Tuck, in 'Morning Star.'

Habits.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. 'Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?' he asked.

'Did I?' said grandpa.

'Why, yes you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning.'

Grandpa laughed. 'I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India.'

'Why did you do it there?'

'To shake out scorpions or centipedes, or other nuisances that might be hidden in them.'

'But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things.'

'I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking.'

'Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?' said Ned, thoughtfully.

'It's a very strong thing,' said grandpa; 'remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live.'—'Mayflower.'

Do You Know Him?

Little Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again;
Glum if he must leave his play
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful 'Why?'
When he's asked to come or go,
Like his sister Susan Slow,
Hope well never—you or I—
Be like Mr. By-and-By.
—'Waif.'

What He Forgot.

A pleasant story is told somewhere of little four-year-old Van and his valorous struggle to make his morning toilet. Van was in a hurry to get about the important business of his busy baby day, and so things went on hindside before and upside down, as they are quite likely to do with grown people when haste instead of economizing time makes waste of it. The matter of righting his small wearables became very trying, at length, to Van's patience, which was only about as long as he was. Finally he backed up to papa for the buttoning process.

'Everything is on now, papa,' he exclaimed, panting from his exertions.

'No, Van,' responded papa. 'You've forgotten something very important.'

Van inspected his small person from top to toe, but could find no lack.

'Ah, my boy,' said papa, 'you haven't put on your smile yet. Put that on and I'll button it up for you.'

No part of the toilet of the day is more 'fetching' than the smile, provided it be sincere, but once on it needs to be carefully buttoned up so that no contrary winds may blow it away or turn it into a frown.

The good things are the grand things,
And each some good may do;
And so the way to be grand folk
Is open to me and you.

A Wonder-full Story.

I wonder why, when I am bad,
And have to stay in bed;
It's never going-to-school day
But holiday instead—
I wonder?

I wonder when I lose my cap
Or tear my clothes or fall,
Why it must always be my best,
And not old clothes at all—
I wonder?

I wonder why—if I forget
To go, or fetch, or bring,
It's always really sure to be
The most important thing—
I wonder?

I wonder why—if I don't know
My spelling, or a rule,
The teacher's sure to ask me that,
As soon as I'm in school—
I wonder?

I wonder why—when often
They call me a 'good lad,'
If ever visitors are here
I'm almost always bad—
I wonder?

I wonder why I wonder?
I wonder why I do?
I really wonder why it is!
I can't explain, can you,
I wonder?
—Floss Grey, in 'Our Little Dots.'

Correspondence

N., Man.

Dear Editor,—As I like writing letters, I thought I would write a letter to you.

We have had a very nice winter here, not any blizzards. This last week has been quite frosty, but clear and bright. There was a terrible thing happened last Saturday. Mr. T., the man we got our place from, was frozen to death. We were all very, very, sorry. My aunt and cousins are coming out from Ontario. We expect them to-morrow. She has a farm near Killarney Lake. There hasn't been any school here this winter, until the fifth of March. I was glad when it started, as I like going to school. I like reading, and I have read a number of books. My favorite ones are 'Black Beauty,' 'Beautiful Joe,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I am an only child, and am ten years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and saw some riddles, which I think I can answer. The answer to E. Donaldson's one: What has a tongue and cannot talk, is a waggon, and lots of other things. Eva Nichols's: What is big at the bottom, little at the top, thing in middle goes wibetywop, is a churn. The first one of Willie McDonald's is the letter M. The 117th Psalm has two verses. I am sending some riddles.

1. Formed long ago, yet made to-day, and most employed while others sleep, few would wish to give away, and none would wish to keep?
2. What animal looks most like a cat?
3. What four letters would frighten a thief?

MABEL BREBNER.

M., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a very nice paper. I go to school, and am in the second book. The books I have read are: 'Winnie's Golden Key,' 'Marjorie and Benny,' 'Angel's Christmas,' and some others. I am eight years old. I have three brothers and one sister.

I am sending a riddle: 'As I went through the garden gap, who should I meet but Dick red cap, a stick in his hand, and a stone in his throat. Tell me this riddle, and I'll give you a groat?'

BESSIE RATTEE.

P. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I always like the letters in the 'Messenger,' which we get at Sunday School. I thought I would like to write one if you will please print it. I have been three years in Canada, and I like this country very much. I think the birds here are lovely, but they do not sing so sweetly as the plainer looking birds in England. There is another thing we find very different, we used to go out in the spring and gather all the violets we wanted along the road side, and I can tell you a bank of primroses was something beautiful. But then, we have many pleasures here we did not have in the old country. We had a lovely sleigh ride the other night by moonlight, and we have our sleds and snow shoes and skates, and lots of things, so that altogether I think children have a better time in Canada than in England. I am nine years and a half old, and I have three brothers, and no sister.

KATE PEWTRESS.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much.

The answer to Edyth Brooks's question is once in the ninth verse of the eleventh Psalm. Joseph W. T. asked which Psalm contained only two verses. The answer is the 117th Psalm. Now I will ask a question: What two verses in the Bible are the same?

The answer to Eva M. Nichols's riddle is a churn.

We had a carnival here. I dressed for it, but never took a prize. My sister got a ring for first prize.

I am very fond of reading, and have read several books, some of which are: 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' 'Poor Jack,' 'David Copperfield,' and several others.

ELLA DAWSON.

P.S.—Willie J. W. asks how many letters are there in the Bible. There are 3,686,489.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I do not take the 'Messenger,' but my sister does. I like it very much. I am nine years old, and I am in the fourth reader. I have two sisters and two brothers. I can answer some of the riddles. The answers to E. Donaldson's riddles are: 1st, water; 2nd, boot. And to Eva M. Nichols's, a churn. And to Willie McDonald's, the letter M. I am going to send some.

1st.—How many can place the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; 8; 9 so that when they are added up the total will make 100?

2nd.—What goes up stairs on its head?

WILTON SAUNDERS.

J., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I did not see any letters from this place I thought I would write one, which I hope to see in print. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the stories. Our teacher's name is Miss M., and we all like her.

I am going to answer some of the puzzles. The answer to Eva M. Nichols's puzzle, What is big at the bottom, little at the top, something in the middle that goes wibetywop, is an old-fashioned churn, and the answers to E. Donaldson's puzzles: Why are A, E, and U the handsomest of the vowels, is because they are all in the word beautiful; and the one what has a tongue, but cannot talk is a waggon.

Joseph W. T. asks what Psalm in the Bible has only two verses, is the 117th Psalm. I must close now with some puzzles:

1. What has eyes yet cannot see.
2. What has ears, yet cannot hear.
3. What has a nose, yet cannot smell.
4. What walks with its head downward.
5. When does water stop running down hill.
6. If there are four corners in a room, a cat in each corner, a cat facing each cat, and a cat on each cat's tail, how many cats are there.

MARGARET A. ELLIS.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother takes it. Some friend is sending it to him. I like it very much. We have been having good skating and sliding this week, but it snowed to-day. The answer to Amy Troat's riddle is: 'The dog's name was Yet.' The answer to Clara A. is: 'Because he can't run under the hill.' The answer to S. E. Paul's puzzle is: 'A candle.' I go to school. Our school used to be a superior school when papa went to it, but the boys and girls grew up and moved, till we only had six or seven, but now it is slowly growing. We now have about twenty.

ROBENA RICHARDSON.

M., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I skate every week, and have read a few books. I will send a riddle:

Old Mother Twichen had but one eye, and a very long tail, every time she went through a gap she left a bit of her tail in a trap.

CHARLES E. RATTEE.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a small farm. I go to school. I am in the Third Reader. My teacher's name is Mr. B., and we all like him.

I saw two riddles. One was from Eva M. Nichols. I think it is a churn. There was another from Willie McDonald. It is there were two apples on the tree. He took one apple off and left one on. I am sending one too: 'A ridde, a riddle, I suppose, a hundred eyes and never a nose.'

JESSIE CARROLL (10).

S. Z., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought it was my turn to write. I live five miles from W. I have three sisters and three brothers. My sister and I go to school every day. The schoolhouse is about a mile from our place. As I was reading this week's correspondence page I saw a conundrum, 'How many words are there in the Bible?' I think there are 773,746 words. How many can answer how many times is the word 'And' contained in the Bible? To the question 'what grows with the root upwards?' I have a different answer to it. It is the teeth in the upper jaw.

D. JOHNSON (10).

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just started to take the 'Messenger,' although I often read it before. My aunt, who takes it, gave it to me after she had read it herself.

I am thirteen years old, and am in the jr. fourth class.

The answer to Gertrude Koob's riddle is an icicle. Here is a riddle: 'A blind beggar had a brother; this brother died. What relation was the beggar to the brother?

MAY BRACKENRIDGE.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Barn.' Thomas Anderson, H., Que.
2. 'House wren.' L. M. Frayne (10), E., Ont.
3. 'Child and lilies.' Marjory Armour, A. M., Ont.
4. 'Rabbit.' Mary Ament, T., Ont.
5. 'Wild rose.' Jennie D. (11), G. B., Ont.
6. 'Primrose.' B. B. C., T. B., N.B.
7. 'Mouse.' Lizzie Anderson, H., Que.
8. 'Rabbit.' Ethel L. Lutes (11), S., M., N.B.
9. 'Head.' Minnie Anderson, H. Que.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON X.—JUNE 3, 1906.

The Gentile Woman's Faith.

Mark vii., 24-30.

Golden Text.

Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.—Matt. xv., 28.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 28.—Mark vii., 24-30.
Tuesday, May 29.—Mark vii., 1-13.
Wednesday, May 30.—Mark vii., 14-23.
Thursday, May 31.—Mark vii., 31-37.
Friday, June 1.—Mark viii., 1-10.
Saturday, June 2.—Matt. xvii., 14-21.
Sunday, June 3.—Matt. xv., 21-31.

(By Davis W. Clark).

Jesus had a triple motive for this journey. There was an ill-advised popular movement to proclaim Him king. Again, His preaching had attracted the attention of Herod Antipas, John Baptist's murderer. Finally, Jesus had irrevocably broken with the Pharisees, and they were planning His death. . . . Rest and refreshment were to be found in the locality Jesus visited. Two of nature's grandest features were there in juxtaposition—the sea and the mountain. . . . His retirement was only partially successful, however, for it is significantly said, 'He could not be hid,' and a heathen woman was the first to entreat His offices. This Syrophoenician is the personification of parental solicitude. In her pathetic appeal she makes her daughter's malady her own. . . . It is a mistaken interpretation which affirms that the unusual conduct of Jesus toward this suppliant was intended to test her faith and exhibit her persistence. It undoubtedly had that effect, but this was incidental, not the main purpose of delay. His saying to His disciples explains His apparently unsympathetic bearing: 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Forty times Jesus declares Himself 'sent.' He will be true to the minutest directions of His Infinite Sender. God's 'plan' for His Son confined His ministry to the Hebrew people. He was to be a 'minister to the circumcision.' He Himself restricted the commission of the apostles to the Jews until His resurrection. The purpose was to form a hearth-stone out of the Hebrew nation, on which a fire might be kindled, to whose warmth and cheer all the nations of earth might be invited. . . . To this 'plan' Jesus faithfully adhered. He never crossed the boundary of the Holy Land, never worked a miracle on a Gentile. . . . He who had limited His disciples' commission to the Jews could not now go beyond them to work a miracle for this heathen, unless, to the complete satisfaction of His disciples, she could be shown to be an exception. Hence His silence, His discouraging announcement, 'Am not sent,' and finally those trying words in which He used the common discourteous epithet which Jews applied to Gentiles. . . . The suffering woman endured the ordeal. She proved herself a daughter of Abraham by her faith, and as such worthy of having the thing which she asked done for her.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It is true yet, Jesus 'can not be hid.' Renan's wreaths of rhetoric and Strauss' blocks of argument fail to hide Him. He is the conspicuous character of all history. Everybody must think something of Him. . . . The Father has a 'plan' for each of us, as He had for our Elder Brother. He has a thought He wishes us to express in our lives. This gives us dignity. We are not dumb, driven cattle. Finding what God wants, and doing it is the ideal life. In this Jesus is our example. . . . Phillips Brooks once deprecated what he called the 'passion of immediateness.' The forcing of maturity—effort to reach ends without use of means—is to be reprehended, of course, but there is a good 'passion of immediateness' also. Peter showed when, sinking, he cried, 'Lord, save!' The Syrophoenician woman is also a striking example. . . . Faith was found in a most unlikely quarter. It was a 'great' faith, too. This heathen apprehended the 'wideness of God's mercy.' The Messiah was not just barely enough for the Jews, but enough and to spare for all—children at the table and dogs under it.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 3.—Topic.—Faith: what it is, what it does. Heb. xi., 1-40; xii., 1, 2. (Consecration meeting).

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW TO GIVE.

Monday, May 28.—David's disobedience. II. Sam. xxiv., 1-10.

Tuesday, May 29.—David's punishment. II. Sam. xxiv., 11-15.

Wednesday, May 30.—David's altar. II. Sam. xxiv., 16-18.

Thursday, May 31.—David's offering. I. Chron. xxi., 22-24.

Friday, June 1.—Free-will offerings. Deut. xvi., 10, 16, 17.

Saturday, June 2.—With a willing mind. II. Cor. viii., 7-12.

Sunday, June 3.—Topic—The kind of giving that God likes. II. Sam. xxiv., 18-25. (Consecration meeting.)

A Sunday School Class Ramble.

A novel social affair which my Friendly Class gave last May was a 'Class Ramble.' After the socials held indoors during the winter, it proved a pleasant variation. One moonlight night the members of the class and their friends assembled at the church door. Thence the route for the ramble led to the top of Corey Hill, an eminence overlooking the harbor and the thousand twinkling lights of Boston and Cambridge on one side, and of Brookline and Newton on the other. Nine-tenths of those in the company had never seen the spectacle before by moonlight, and its beauty was a revelation to them. Persons who had lived within ten minutes' walk of the place all their lives had not dreamed that such an entertainment could be had so cheaply.

The walk was a leisurely one,—lively chatting, snatches of song, and merry quips enlivening the hour. A halt was made in front of a vacant house reputed to be haunted, and the ghost was bantered to come forth. Some of the party strayed and became lost, which added to the zest of the evening. A 'cut across lots' was made, and a scramble down a steep bank.

By previous arrangement, our last rendezvous was the home of one of the members of the class, who had provided cake and lemonade, and where a short time was spent recounting the experiences of the evening. Every one voted this the most delightful social of the year. For a class of boys or girls such an outing would be even more attractive. The ramble may be long or short, but it cannot help deepening the attachment of the pupils for the class and teacher, and forming a pleasant episode in the life of a Sunday school scholar, to say nothing of the opportunities for lessons from nature on God's goodness and care.—The Rev. John F. Cowan, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

A Substitute Class of School Teachers.

Quite a number of the lady teachers of our common school attend our church, and were accustomed to leave at the close of the morning service, as was the case with several of our young ladies who belong to the church, and who formerly remained to Sunday school.

One of our active workers in the school, seeing this state of affairs, concluded to try to organize them—as many as could be secured—into a class, and teach them herself if the way seemed clear. In thinking it over, she found it would require a little tact on her part to get them interested in her scheme,—in fact, to get hold of them.

She went at it in the ordinary way of woman by inviting those she especially wanted to her house to tea. Twelve responded to her invitation; two were unavoidably detained. A fine four-course menu was served, with cards at each plate with the occupant's name. On this card were Scripture questions concerning history, genealogy, characteristics of noted individuals, etc.,—questions not difficult, and still only a few were answered, which showed the need of more knowledge of familiar Bible truth, which easily paved the way for the hostess to propose their organizing a class in the Sunday school, which they readily assented to if she would be the teacher.

Now a large class of young ladies fills one corner of the schoolroom, studying the lesson assigned for all; but the teacher takes pains to branch out and bring in associated truths and facts, also historical relations incident to the lesson. In fact, her special mission is preparing these young ladies to teach, and it is already proving a supply class for absent teachers.—M. A. Nichols, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

Father, I do not ask
That Thou wilt choose some other task
And make it mine. I pray
But this; let every day
Be moulded still
By Thine own hand; my will
Be only Thine, however deep
I have to bend Thy hand to keep.
Let me not simply do, but be content,
Sure that the little crosses each are sent,
And no mistake can ever be
With Thine own hand to choose for me.
—Exchange.

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or some other friend.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

right Japan.

The late Mrs. Bishop, the celebrated lady traveller, thus rendered a gem of Japanese philosophy:—

At the punch bowl's brink,
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan;
First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink—
Then the drink takes the man!

The Saloon Convicted; The Boys Hanged.

In pronouncing the death sentence on two boy murderers at Owatonna, Minn., Judge Buckman pronounced this philippic against the saloon:

'Every community can well ask if it is not equally guilty with its sister city in not making a vigorous effort to remove the snares which lie in waiting for the young in almost every town in the Union. These boys cannot have been brought to perpetrate such a crime through the influence of heredity. There is nothing to show it. It must be charged, if it be true that they are guilty, to their environment. Without any ill feeling toward the people of this community, I must say that they are particeps criminis in this tragedy, if the boys are guilty. The people have allowed the conditions which have brought these boys to such a pass. It is because the boys could procure of newsdealers such literature as debased their moral natures; because the police, knowing of the conditions existing in the rooms of these, permitted them to go on; because the saloon-keepers of the city were allowed to place on the lips of the young that which fires the brain and sears the soul. By imposing the death sentence, the court will be striking at the effect, not the cause, and if the cause remains undisturbed the result will be another such case as a righteous retribution upon those responsible.'—'Morning Star.'

The Sobering of Jim Russell.

(By Charles Herbert, in the 'Alliance News.')

'Good night, mannikin,' exclaimed Sarah Russell, to her two year old boy, when after the regular evening romp he lay back breathless, but with his whole attitude and sparkling eyes daring her to come on again. 'Good night. Mamma going down stairs now.'

'Dada?' he interrogated, sharply.

'Yes, to see dada, when he comes home.' This with a sigh.

'Daddy walky straight, eh? Funny daddy! No! Tiss adain,' pleadingly, as his mother, wisely ignoring the last remark, made to leave the room. 'Only once more, mannikin,' but the once mounted to half a dozen ere her own motherly heart was satisfied, then she departed, leaving him alone.

Mrs. Russell was a woman of about 42 years of age, and at least 21 had gone by since she married her present husband. He was a man of great power of work, and had managed by his energy and acuteness not only to start in business for himself, but to make it pay splendidly. And now he had three shops in the town, and many men at work for him. The lines might have lain in pleasant places for the Russells, but in the days of his prosperity James Russell had developed a taste for haunting one of the best inns in the town, and for years he had scarcely ever come home at night quite sober. His wife clung fondly to the recollection of what he had been in former days, and hoped against many disappointments that his long lane of drunkenness would find a turning out of it at last. Oh, how she had prayed! Wrestling with God to grant her this boon, before her only son grew up to realise and perhaps imitate his father's degradation. For the first 20 years of her married life only two children had been given her, one a boy, now her elder son, a sturdy manly fellow, 19 years of age, and the other a little girl, who had lingered just long enough to win their hearts by her prattle and tattle, and then been quiet at last, for ever.

Two years ago, however, another little stranger came to their home, and in the baby somehow the soreness of the mother's heart, which still yearned for her lost darling, found relief. She was happier now, too, for the little fellow filled up the time she used to spend in brooding about her husband.

So the years had gone, and were going, but the prayer of her heart was still unanswered, and her elder son Willie had grown up to know and to feel the shame of his father's vice.

Ah, how the knowledge cut her heart, that he, the man who should have stood by her in training his own children, should make the burden heavier by his manner of life.

'Poor little mannikin!' she murmured to herself, as she descended the stairs, with the little chap's words ringing in her ears, with their undertone of shameful fact. 'Dada walky straight, eh? Funny daddy!' No, it wasn't likely that he would come home walking straight, he very seldom did now, and her heart grew leaden within her at the thought. She sat down in the dining room, and began to mend some of little Jim's things, and all unbidden the smiles came back, as she contemplated a wee, scrappy pair of knickerbockers she had made for her tiny son.

'They do look absurdly small,' she said merrily, 'and to think he'll one day perhaps be as big as his father!' 'And,' whispered an inward voice, 'one day perhaps as bad!' 'God forbid!' she ejaculated, fervently; 'he had better die!'

The resentful flush which accompanied these words were still in evidence when the maid came in later to lay supper, for there was a surging of inward excitement at the thought that 21 years of married life had at last come to this, and that she should wish her little chap dead sooner than he should be as his father was. Oh, how rebellious she felt at it all, how the wonder filled her, whether it was any use to go on praying; how she recalled the times when she had hoped for a little, then been disappointed for long; and leaving the supper untasted she sat back listlessly, as she often did, awaiting her elder son. Ten o'clock came; half-past ten, then she heard the sound of a key in the latch, followed after some fumbling by heavy footsteps in the passage.

'It is Jim!' she thought. 'Strange he should be home before George.'

And she prepared herself for a take-no-notice attitude, which experience had taught her was the best to assume towards her husband at such a time. But she sprang to her feet with an exceeding bitter cry as the door opened, and she saw it was not her husband, but the pride of her life, her own boy, her elder son, staggering uncertainly to a chair, heavy with drink. A moment she gazed at him, then with a choking sob rushed out of the room, while he called after her.

'Here, I shay, mother; let's have something t'eat. Whersh dad?' Silence reigned, and looking stupidly round he said, 'He's drinking again, p'raps. Bad thing—ugh, dad that drinks.' And in much self pity he wept copiously maudlin tears, while upstairs his mother in dumb tearless agony had cast herself on the bed.

Presently she heard the street door open again, and another staggerer reeled up the passage. A sudden fear possessed her. What if Jim should see George in that state, and in drunken fury strike him?

She sprang from the bed, and rushed down into the room, and there she saw her husband scarcely able to stand, with one hand on the table, while he tried to steadily gaze at her son, who with hands in his pockets, was half sitting on his chair, a true picture of drunken sullenness.

'What are you looking at?' George murmured, resentfully, at last, to his father; but James Russell never answered a word, only looked.

'Tell you, I won't have it,' pursued George. 'You've no right to grumble at me. Seen you worse yourself. You're drunk now, s'pose.'

But still his father only looked, and his son at last, in shamefaced fashion, exclaimed, 'Oh, get out!' and closing his eyes prepared to sleep.

At last his father found his tongue, and turning to his wife, who stood trembling in the doorway, he lifted a shaking hand towards George, and cried—

'My God, do you see that?'

Then with a glimmering hope that he was mistaken, he said, 'What's the matter with him?'

For the life of her the mother could not keep the bitter irony out of her voice as she said, 'Oh, nothing; he's only drunk!'

'Only drunk!' he said, with his voice quivering, though he was thoroughly sober now. The sight of his son had brought him round with a shock. 'Only drunk,' and advancing to George he said, 'Here, lad, rouse up, and come to bed. I'll help you up!' And the drowsy, drink-fuddled son let himself be alternately pushed and pulled into his own room.

In the morning he emerged from it thoroughly ashamed of himself, but before he went out his father called him into his own little office, and with a voice husky with emotion said, pushing a paper over to him—'George, sign that!'

'That' was a total abstinence pledge.

A moment George hesitated, thinking of the fellows and their jeers, then he said, firmly, 'I will, if you will.'

'I've signed it already,' said his father, gravely. 'Look,' and he pointed to his own name at the bottom of the very paper. Then George signed.

'Now,' said the elder man, 'let the past be forgotten; but in future let's see who will keep this the longest, tapping the paper.

They are still trying their best at the competition to this day, though that paper was signed years ago, and ever since Jim's father has walked straight.

No Saloon Grass—in the Streets.

The claim is often made that the adoption of prohibition by a town will cause the grass to grow on the streets. And this prophecy has been fulfilled at Winters, Cal., after a trial of only nine months. Less than one year ago there were six saloons running in that place and making things lively in such ways as only saloons can. In a fateful hour they were voted out and the threatened result has daily become more apparent. Grass growing in the street? Yes, and a photograph of the scene is published right on the first page of a recent California paper. There it is, all so plain as to prevent denial by any person. Grass growing two feet high right in front of the door of the lock-up, which looks as though it had not been opened for months! The picture tells its own story, but an accompanying account proceeds to tell of the benefit which the absence of the saloon has been to all other business in the place, which never was so prosperous or growing more substantially than now.—'National Advocate.'

Penn's Advice to a Toper.

William Penn was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. 'Can you tell me how to do it?' said the slave of the appetite. 'Yes,' answered Penn; 'it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend.' 'Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honor, to do as you tell me.' 'Why, my friend,' said the great Quaker, 'when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again.' The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.—'Short Stories.'

Don't worry over the criticism of brainless people. Braying, whether by biped or quadruped, is only noise.

HOUSEHOLD.

He Touched Her Hands.

My hands were filled wih many things,
Which I did precious hold
As any treasure of a king's,
Silver, or gems, or gold.
The Master came and touched my hands
The scars were in His own.
And at His feet my treasures sweet,
Fell shattered one by one;
'I must have empty hands,' said He,
'Wherewith to work My works through thee.'

My hands were stained with marks of toil
Defiled with dust of earth,
And I my work did oft'times soil,
And render little worth—
The Master came and touched my hands,
And crimson were His own.
Lo! every stain was gone.
'I must have cleansed hands,' said He,
And when amazed, on mine I gazed
'Wherewith to work my Works through thee.'

My hands were growing feverish,
And cumbered with much care,
Trembling with haste and eagerness,
Nor folded oft in prayer.
The Master came and touched my hands,
With healing in His own,
And calm and still to do His will
They grew, the fever gone.
'I must have quiet hands,' said He,
'Wherewith to work My works through thee.'

My hands were strong in fancied strength,
But not in power divine,
And bold to take up tasks at length,
That were not His, but mine.
The Master came and touched my hands,
And might was in His own.
But mine, since then, have powerless been,
Save His were laid thereon,
'And it is only thus,' said He,
'That I can work My works through thee.'
—Selected.

Children.

It is a mistake to think that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please; if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and precipices that destroy them, to slake their thirst in brooks that poison them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts, or deadly herbs, can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the Book of Life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle—that they do not find fault without reason, that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no allowance is made for youthful spirits—if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathising manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken. Our stooping to amuse them, our condescending to make ourselves one in their plays and pleasures at suitable times, will lead them to know that it is not because we will not, but because we cannot, attend to them, that at other times we refuse to do so. A pert or improper way of speaking ought not to be allowed. Clever children are very apt to be pert, and, if too much admired for it, and laughed at, become eccentric and disagreeable. It is often very difficult to check their own amusements, but their future welfare should be regarded more than our present entertainment. It should never be forgotten that they are tender plants committed to our fostering care—that every thoughtless word or careless neglect may destroy a germ of immortality—'that foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child'—and that we must ever, like watchful husbandmen, be on our guard against it. It is indeed little that we can do in our own strength, but if we are conscientious performers of our part—if we earnestly commend them in faith and prayer to the fostering care of their Father in heaven—to the tender love of Him, the angel of whose presence goes before them, and who carries these lambs in His bosom—we may then go on our way rejoicing—'for He will never leave or forsake those who trust in Him.'—'Christian Globe.'

The Mother who Laughs.

There are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of average good health and spirits to make other people laugh with him; not at him, but at the things that seem amusing to his own sense. And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his most fascinating companion. He heeds her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill-feeling where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice. And when the day arrives that 'childish things are put away,' and grown men and women look backward to their early homes, with what a throb of pleasure they say, when things happen, 'Mother would appreciate this; she had the quickest sense of humor of any woman you ever saw!' And underneath these light words is the thought, 'How happy that dear mother made us all, and how I love her!' —Australian 'Christian World.'

Honey Remedies.

Honey is a desirable vehicle for many remedies. We all amdit that borax is not nice to the taste, but just mix a little of the powder with a teaspoonful of honey, and it is very pleasant. This mixture is excellent for ordinary sore throat, tickling cough and sore mouth. In fevers, water and honey, with a dash of lemon-juice in it, makes a refreshing drink. If you have to give castor oil, mix half oil and half honey. For whooping cough a sprinkling of pulverized alum on a tablespoonful of honey every hour or two will greatly help. Honey with equal parts of common soap makes a drawing plaster for boils. For scalds and burns, honey and baking soda, equal parts, well spread on, is a very cooling and healing application.—Australian 'Christian World.'

Selected Recipes.

MARMALADE.

('Girls' Own Paper.')

Seville oranges come in in the month of February, but I never recommend housewives to make their marmalade till March or April, as the later consignments of oranges are often both cheaper, and I have found from experience they are sweeter and more juicy.

But before commencing to make the marmalade I should like to give you a few hints about your preserving-pan. Be most careful to see that it is scrupulously clean. Preserving-pans are often made of copper, and if they are not quite clean a small deposit left in any interstice quickly turns to verdigris, and this is often the cause of much trouble from poisoning.

This is the best way of cleaning your preserving-pan. Half fill the preserving-pan with cold water, and add to the water a piece of washing soda. Allow the water to boil quickly for about twenty minutes. This softens any grease or sugar there may be on the sides of the pan and makes it easier to clean. Empty the water away. Take a used lemon skin—this reminds me to tell your never to throw away lemon skins—dip it in a little fine sand and well scour the preserving-pan. Rinse the pan thoroughly to free it from any sand, then dry it and polish it with a clean chamois leather.

Now get out your pots and bottles from the store-room. Wash them clean, and put them to dry either in a cool oven or on the plate-rack, but be sure they are absolutely dry before using them, otherwise your marmalade will become mouldy.

Here is a recipe for orange marmalade which I have tried and found excellent.

ORANGE MARMALADE No. 1.

Eighteen Seville oranges, nine quarts of cold water, best preserving sugar.

Method.—Cut the oranges into quarters, scoop out the inside from the peel, removing the pips, cut the peel into thin strips as finely as possible; place it all in a large basin, and pour the cold water over it. Cover the basin with a clean cloth, and allow the whole to soak for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time place the mixture in the preserving-pan. Boil the contents for two hours, or until the peel is quite tender. Then allow it to get cold. When it is quite cold weigh it, and to every pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and pulp again into the preserving-pan, and boil the whole for one hour. If liked, add the juice and pulp of one lemon to the pulp, while soaking, in the proportion of one lemon to eighteen oranges.

This is another recipe for orange marmalade which is very good, and does not take so long to make.

ORANGE MARMALADE No. 2.

Equal quantities of Seville and China oranges, best crushed lump sugar.

Method.—Wash the oranges and dry them, cut the peel lengthways in four, remove the peel in quarters, place the peel in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, and boil it slowly till the peel is quite tender. Divide the oranges into their natural sections, and with a teaspoon remove all the pulp from the skin. Place the pulp in a basin, put the pips and skin (not peel) into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover them, and boil the whole for half an hour. Now take the cooked peel, and scrape away the pith from it, shed the pith very finely, strain off the liquid from the pips and skin, and add it to the pulp in the basin. Allow for every pound of pulp, peel, etc., all weighed together, one pound of best crushed lump sugar. Boil all together for half an hour, or until the marmalade will set. Put it into the previously dried pots. Next day cover it down and store in a dry place.

I was given the following recipe by a very old friend who was a firm believer in 'kitchen medicine.' She assured me that it was a capi-

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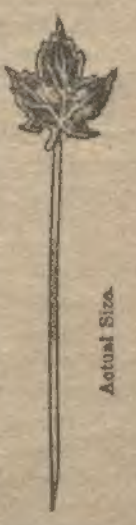

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tal way of taking a mild tonic, and I can certify that it is a very pleasant way.

SEVILLE ORANGE JELLY (A mild and pleasant tonic).

To every pound of Seville oranges allow 3 pints of cold water. Wash the oranges and dry them, cut them into small pieces, peel and all, remove the pips, place the cut-up oranges in a preserving-pan, and add the cold water to them. Allow the whole to boil slowly for six hours, or more, till it is reduced to one-third the quantity. At the end of that time run it through a jelly-bag, and to every pint of juice allow one pound of best loaf sugar. Place the juice and sugar in a preserving-pan, and boil the whole very slowly for twenty minutes, or until a small quantity will jelly if put on a cold plate. Keep the jelly well skimmed while it is boiling. Put it into small jelly-pots, cover them down the next day, and store in a dry cool place.

Religious Notes.

The year 1907 will mark the completion of a century of Protestant Missions in China. In 1807 Morrison sailed for China and labored for years without one convert. Thirty-six years later there were twelve missionaries and only six converts. Fifty-six years later there were less than 2,000. Now there are 150,000. The missionaries number 3,270, and represent seventy-eight societies. The centennial will be kept by a general conference at Shanghai for ten days.

Pundita Ramabai has again been taken to task for saying that home life in Hindu society is not what it should be. There is much that is rotten. But Rajah Prithipal Sing says in his article on 'Purdah, Its Origin and Effects':

'To remove the disabilities of our ladies owing to the "Purdah" the baneful, thorny screen must somehow or other be removed without delay. We must first give our prompt attention toward the real culture and development of our women; then we must purify our own society by putting down all coarse jests and improper behavior, and learn to be more moral before allowing our ladies into it. Thirdly, we must allow social intercourse between our women and the nearest relatives of the family who are refined, and moral and should gradually widen the circle by introducing them to our friends—friends not in the sense of mere acquaintance—whom we in many cases prefer to our blood relations.'

Another writer gives three reasons why Christians should be glad in her word.

'We see in Ramabai a native convert called and specially equipped of God to direct the attack of the soldiers of Christ on the central citadel, the Satan's seat, of Hindu idolatry.

'We see in her the mind of the East in direct touch with Jesus Christ, and the understanding His will by God-given spiritual insight without the medium of the Anglo-Saxon interpreter.

'We see, also, an Indian woman, member of the most down-trodden and despised class of all Eve's children, capable of attaining the highest degree of mental culture and spiritual communion with the Unseen.

'Let us learn once more that all class distinction, all priestly assumption, all "caste," whether Eastern or Western, is contemptible, vain, and a thing of naught in the eyes of God. All His poor earthly children are dear to the Father in Heaven. "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and doeth righteousness is accepted of Him."'

Dr. Harry Guinness, in speaking at the annual meeting of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union in Exeter Hall, London, referred to the plague as being one of the difficulties missionaries in India have to contend with. About one million people are carried away every year in India by the plague. Many of the natives think the missionaries bring the plague to keep down the population. Dr. Guinness also spoke of the preaching of the Gospel to the opium workers. Thousands of men come from all over the villages round to bring the opium to the chief cities for exportation, and then is the time for the missionaries to reach them. Sometimes a thousand will listen to the Gospel illustrated by the lantern, which is invaluable. They then return to their homes, and when the missionaries go out to preach in the villages from which these men came, there is always a welcome awaiting them.

Mrs. J. Davis, for many years a missionary in Japan, writes: 'The late war between Japan and Russia, with all its horrors, has not been an unmixed evil. It has lifted woman into a position she never occupied before; it has spread the knowledge of Christianity among the soldiers, who will take it to every village and hamlet through the Empire; it has opened the hearts of many who can be comforted by the knowledge of Christ. The doors are wide open for every effort we can make for Japan. We need more teachers; we need more evangelistic workers to do the work that is waiting now, and to be studying the language, that they may be ready to take the places of those grown grey in the service.'—'Missionary Review of the World.'

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